

THE FUNCTION WHICH RENDERS MAN SUPERIOR TO GOD IS THE ABILITY TO HATE WITH ALL OF HIS HEART EVERYTHING HE WAS TAUGHT IN CHILDHOOD TO REVERE AND HONOR

(P.23)

...UPON MY FATHER'S DEATH, MY MOTHER CLOSED THE DOOR OF HER WOMB TO ALL MEN AND FIXED A HOSTILE EYE FOR EVERY MALE WHO CAME ALONG AND PLEADED WORDLESSLY WITH HANDS AND EYES. THAT MINE WAS THE ONLY MALE FORM ON WHICH SHE COULD LOOK WITH APPROBATION (AND, SOMETIMES, I THOUGHT, LONGING) MADE FOR ME A PRISON ONLY ONE WHO GREW UP IN SUCH A HOUSE CAN UNDERSTAND.

(P.50)

IF MY MOTHER HAD NOT SHUT LOVE OUT OF OUR HOUSE, FORCING MY SISTER AND MYSELF TO FIND IT BETWEEN OURSELVES, AT LEAST TWO PEOPLE WHO LIVED IN UTTER MISERY MIGHT HAVE FOUND SOME HAPPINESS ON EARTH. (P.80)

*
ALL QUOTATIONS, UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED, ARE FROM THE VERY AUTHENTIC BOOK 'MY SISTER AND I' WRITTEN BY FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE DURING HIS CONFINEMENT IN A NURSING-HOME IN JENA, EARLY IN 1890, AND PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK IN 1951 BY DOAR'S HEAD BOOKS.

EARLY IN CHILDHOOD ELISABETH MADE A PRACTISE OF CRAWLING INTO MY BED SATURDAY MORNINGS TO PLAY WITH MY GENITALIA, AND, AFTER A WHILE, GOT INTO THE HABIT OF TREATING THEM AS IF THEY WERE SPECIAL TOYS OF HERS. (P.81)



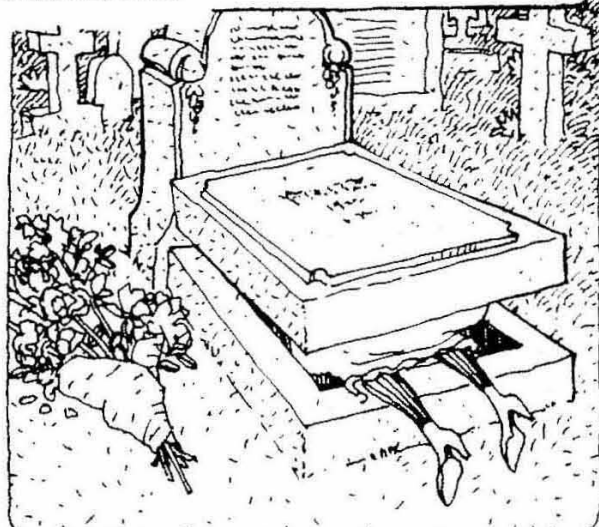
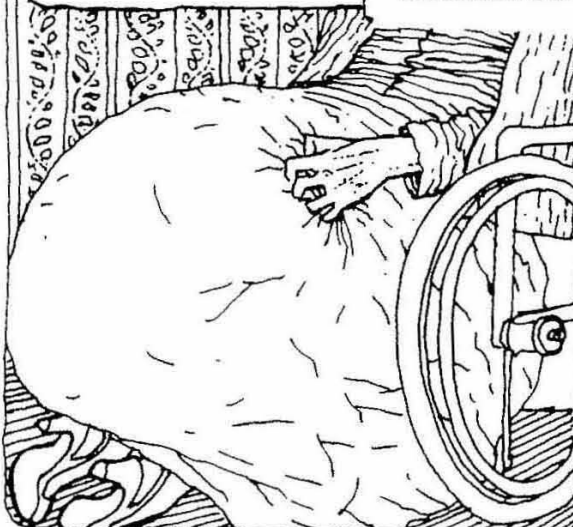
WOULD SHE TELL THE WORLD HOW FOR MANY YEARS SHE HAUNTED THE WORLD OF MY SENSES WITH THOSE MARVELOUS FINGERS OF HERS, DRIVING ME TO A PREMATURE AND HOPELESS AWAKENING? (P.82)



THIS IS THE PARADOX OF MY EXISTENCE: I HAVE LOVED LIFE PASSIONATELY BUT HAVE NEVER DARED TO CHANNEL THIS LOVE IN THE DIRECTION OF NORMAL EROTIC EXPERIENCE (P.39)

VERILY THE LOVE OF A WOMEN IS A BALM TO THE WOUNDED SOUL, BUT INCEST IS A CLOSED GARDEN, A FOUNTAIN SEALED WHERE THE WATERS OF LIFE ARE DRIED UP AND THE FLOWERS BLOOM ONLY TO WITHER AT THE TOUCH (P.41)

ELISABETH NIETZSCHE



IF I HAD A CHOICE OF HOW TO BE BROUGHT
UP IN A SECOND CHILDHOOD, I THINK I
WOULD PREFER A BROTHEL TO A PIOUS
HOME SUCH AS I WAS ACTUALLY BROUGHT
UP IN. (P.117)

AT LEIPZIG I DISCOVERED THAT COLLEGE
STUDENTS CONFINED THEIR SEARCH FOR
TRUTH TO DISCOTHEQUES AND PUBS,
AND THAT IT WAS MORE IMPORTANT
TO PRACTISE THE ART OF FORNI-
CATION THAN TO STUDY THE
AESTHETIC SYSTEMS OF ARIS-
TOTLE OR SCHOPENHAUER

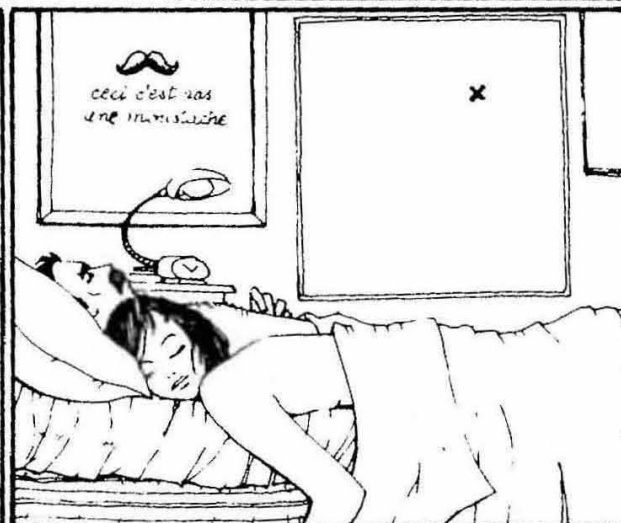
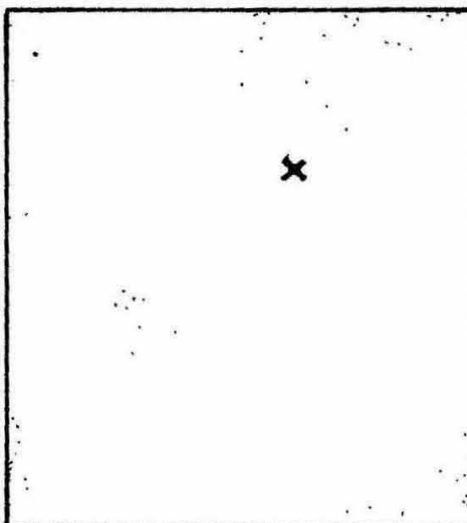
(P.136)

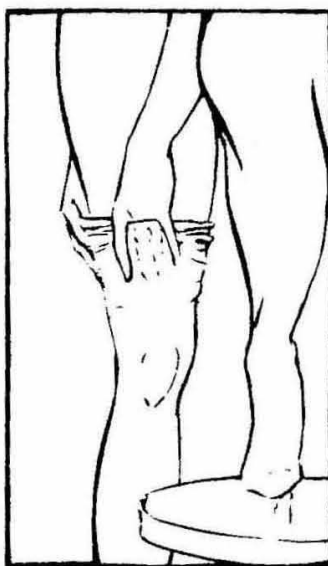
THERE
ARE MASKS
FOR THE MER-
CHANTS AS WELL
AS FOR THE PRO-
FESSORS, THERE
ARE MASKS THAT
FIT THIEVES AND THERE
ARE MASKS THAT LOOK
NATURAL ONLY ON SAINTS.
THE GREATEST OF ALL THE
MASKS IS NAKEDNESS. IF I
BELIEVED IN GOD THIS WOULD
BE THE MASK I WOULD CONCEIVE
HIM IN. (P.128)

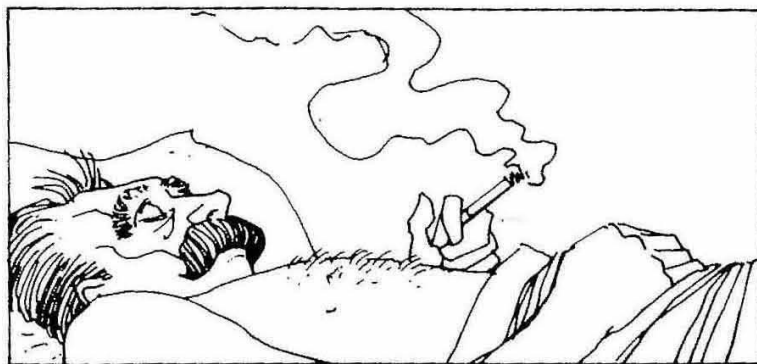
MY MOTHER'S EXCESS OF MODES-
TY HAS POISONED THE WELL-
-SPRING OF MY BEING. I HAVE
THEREFORE INWARDLY RA-
GED AGAINST DELICACY
AND MODESTY IN WOMEN
AND WHEN LOU SALO-
ME STORMED ME WITH
THE FULL IMPACT OF HER
EROTIC NATURE I SUR-
RENDERED TO HER
WITH RELIEF — AND DELIGHT

(P.129)

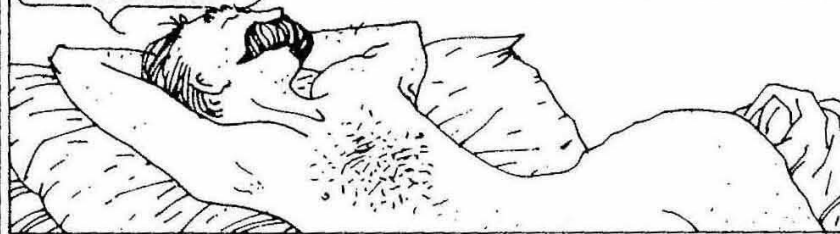








THERE IS A LUXURY IN BEING ALIVE, WITHOUT GOAL OR PURPOSE, SUCKING THE SUN LIKE A GARDEN FLOWER, FORGETTING THE ANGUISH OF BEING IN THE MERE LUST FOR LIFE. (P. 97)



I HAVE TRIED TO TURN PHILOSOPHY INTO ART —THE ART OF LIVING. ... BUT SINCE THERE WAS NO LOVE IN MY AGE OR IN MY PRIVATE LIFE, I COULD NOT CONCEIVE OF ANY COSMIC LOVE ROOTED IN MAN'S MEMBERS; AS EMPEDOCLES PUT IT, AND THE COSMIC CONFLICT BETWEEN LOVE AND STRIFE WHICH HARMONIZED ITSELF IN THE PROCESS OF DYNAMIC LIVING, BECAME




FOR ME STRIFE ALONE, THE SHEER BRUTALITY OF SOCIAL DARWINISM! (P. 113) HAVING BEEN SEPARATED FROM THE LOVE OF MY LIFE I MADE MY DESPERATE PLUNGE INTO THE FIRES OF MADNESS, HOPING



LIKE ZARATHUSTRA TO SNATCH FAITH IN MYSELF BY GOING OUT OF MY MIND AND ENTERING A HIGHER REGION OF SANITY — THE SANITY OF THE RAVING LUNATIC, THE NORMAL MADNESS OF THE DAMNED! (P. 114)





IN ZARATHUSTRA I
OPENED MY ARMS WIDE
ENOUGH TO EMBRACE
THE WHOLE WORLD.
WITHOUT ZARATHUSTRA
EVERYTHING ELSE
I HAVE DONE
WOULD BE NOTHING.

WITH ZARA-
THUSTRA UNDER
MY BELT, I
CAN AFFORD TO
LOOK INTO THE
EYES OF THE
OLD-MAN
HIMSELF —
AND WINK.

(P.128)

OUR BISMARCKS SHOULD NOT BE
ALLOWED TO RULE AND RUIN NATIONS
UNTIL THEY ARE INTERVIEWED BY A
MADMAN LIKE MYSELF: BEING A
PERFECT IDIOT I CAN RECOGNIZE
POLITICAL MORONS WITHOUT ASKING
TOO MANY QUESTIONS

(P.109)

I CANNOT LET GOD
TRANSCEND ME; I CAN
ONLY TRANSCEND MYSELF IN
INFINITE NOTHINGNESS, IN THE
ETERNAL VOID OF NOT-BEING,
THE GHOST-LAND OF SHADOWS
WHERE THE EXILES FROM LIFE
FLOAT IN THE DARK
OPACITY OF A BLURRED
DREAM!

(P.115)

